

SONGS AND CHORUSSES 8

IN THE

T E M P E S T,

AS IT IS PERFORMED.

AT THE

*collated
&
perfect.
J.H. 1800.*

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E,

L O N D O N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1777.

1928



S O N G S, &c.

A C T I.

Chorus of Spirits.

ARise, ye Spirits of the storm,
Appal the guilty eye ;
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
Ye fated lightnings fly,
Dart thro' the tempest of the deep,
And rocks and seas confound,
Hark how the vengeful thunders roll,
Amazement flames around.
Behold the fate-devoted bark
Dash'd on the trembling shore ;
Mercy the sinking wretches cry !
Mercy !—they're heard no more.

S O N G

SONG, by ARIEL.

O bid your faithful Ariel fly
 To the farthest Indies sky,
 And then, at thy afresh command,
 I'll traverse o'er the silver sand.

II.

I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,
 I like mortals, never sleep :
 Whate'er it be, not with ill-will,
 But merrily, merrily, merrily.

SONG, by ARIEL.

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And there take hands ;
 Foot it feebly, here and there,
 And let the rest the Chorus bear.

CHORUS of SPIRITS.

Hark, hark ! the watch-dogs bark !
 Hark, hark ! I hear
 The strains of Chanticleere.

SONG.

SONG, by a SPIRIT.

Full fathom five, thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something new and strange.

CHORUS of SPIRITS.

Sea-Nymphs, hourly ring his knell,
Hark, now I hear them, ding, dong, bell.

A C T II.

SONG, by ARIEL.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracy
His time doth take :
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware,
Awake! awake!

SONG, by CALIBAN.

The owl is abroad,
The bat and the toad,
And so is the rat a mountain ;

The

The ant and the mole
 Sit both in a hole,
 And frogs peep out of the fountain;

SONG, by STEPHANO.

The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,
 The Gunner and his Mate,
 Lov'd Mall, and Marrian, and Margery,
 But none of us car'd for Kate:
 For she had a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a sailor, go hang;
 She lov'd not the favour of tar nor of pitch,
 But would sooner be teiz'd by a taylor,
 Than handsomely kiss'd by a sailor;
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

SONG, by CALIBAN.

No more dams I'll make for fish,
 Nor fetch in firing, at requiring;
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;
 Ban, ban, Caliban
 Has a new Master, get a new Man.

A C T

A C T III.

SONG, by FERDINAND.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
 I add a thousand graces more,
 And fancy blows into a flame
 The spark that from your beauty came.

II.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
 By my own image I am caught.
 Pigmalion thus with fatal art
 Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

A C T IV.

SONG, by ARIEL.

Before you can say come and go,
 And breathe twice, and say so, so;
 Each one tripping on his toe,
 Will be here with mop and mow,
 Do you love me, Master?---no?

A C T

A C T V.

SONG, by ARIEL.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch, when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly,
 After sun-set, merrily,
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

FINALLE.

Where the bee sucks, &c. repeated as
 Quartetto and Chorus.

THE END.